



SQUIRE JONES'S DAUGHTER.

Sweet is the gush of waterfalls,
The murmur of the breeze,
The ripple of the rivulet,
The sighing of the trees ;
And sweet the sound of lute and voice,
When borne across the water :
But sweeter still the charming voice
Of Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh, Squire Jones's daughter !
The prettiest girl in the State of Maine
Is Squire Jones's daughter.

Bright is the sun, whose golden ray
Can reach from heaven to earth :
And bright the tin-pan newly-scour'd,
Placed on the blazing hearth ;
And bright the sword while yet unstain'd
With blood in bloody slaughter ;
But brighter still the beaming eye
Of Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh, Squire Jones's daughter, &c.

Red is the rosy posy's hue,
That grows down in the hollers ;
And red is Uncle Nathan's barn,
That cost a hundred dollars ;
And red is sister Sally's shawl,
That Cousin Levi bought her ;
But redder still the blooming cheek
Of Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh, Squire Jones's daughter, &c.

Hot is the lava tide that pours
Adown Vesuvius' mountain ;
And hot the stream that bubbles out
From Iceland's gushing fountain ;
And hot the boy's ears box'd for doin'
That which he hadn't oughter ;
But hotter still the love I feel
For Squire Jones's daughter.
Oh, Squire Jones's daughter, &c.

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